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The aim of the Century Guild is to render all branches of Art the sphere, no longer of the tradesman, but of the artist. It would restore building, decoration, glass-painting, pottery, wood-carving, and metal-work to their rightful place beside painting and sculpture. By so placing them they would be once more regarded as legitimate and honourable expressions of the artistic spirit, and would stand in their true relation not only to sculpture and painting but to the drama, to music, and to literature.

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The matter of the Hobby Horse will deal, chiefly, with the practical application of Art to life: but it will also contain illustrations and poems, as will as literary and biographical essays.

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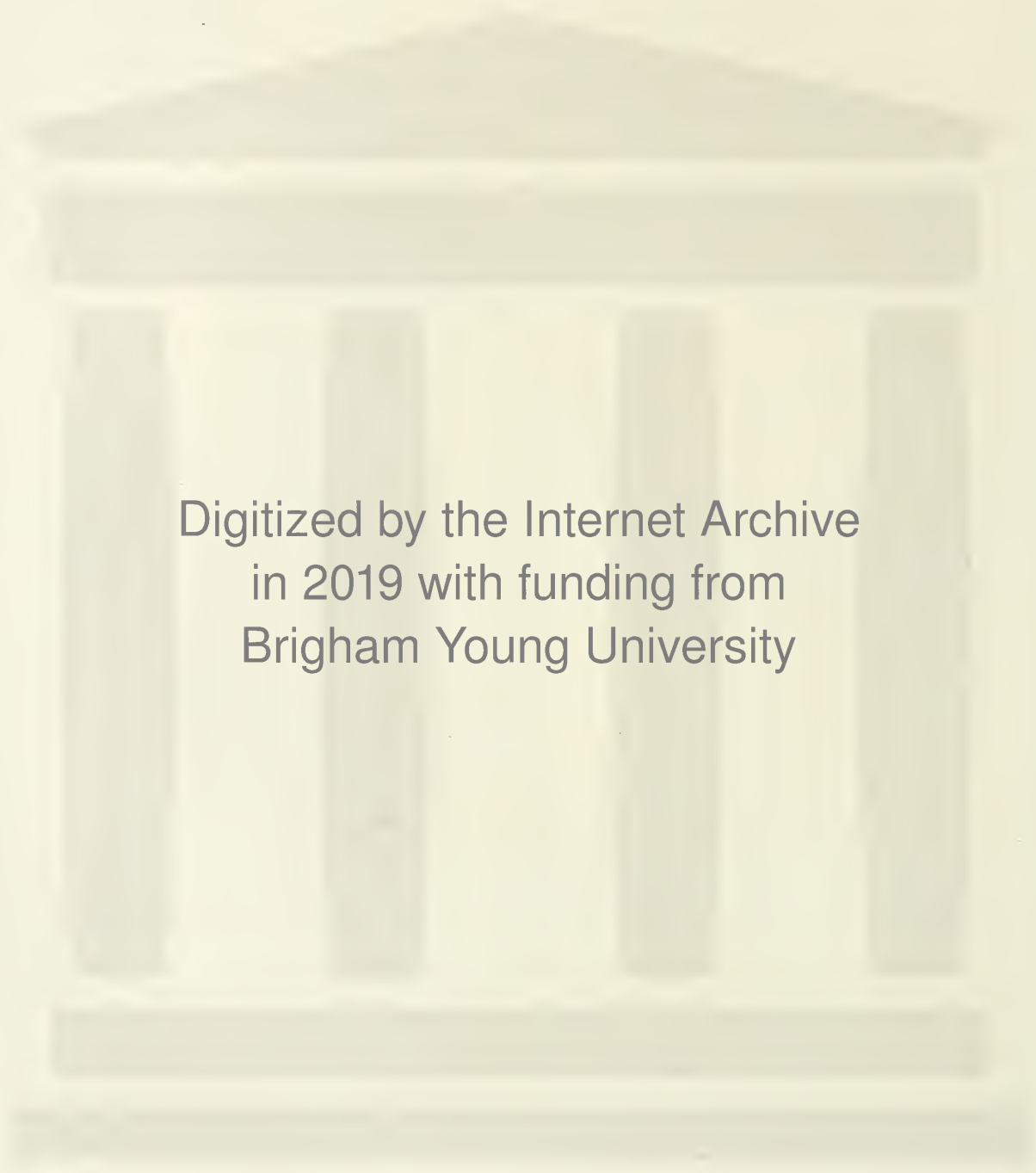
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THE BALLAD OF BITTER FRUIT.

(*After Théodore de Banville.*)

In the wood with its wide arms overspread,
Where the wan morn strives with the waning night,
The dim shapes strung like a chaplet dread
Shudder, and sway to the left, the right ;
The soft rays touch them with fingers white
As they swing in the leaves of the oak-tree browned,
Fruits that the Turk and the Moor would fright,—
This is King LEWIS his orchard ground.

All of these poor folk, stark and sped,
Dreaming (who knows!) of what dead despight,
In the freshening breeze by the morning fed
Twirl and spin to the mad wind's might ;
Over them wavers the warm sun bright ;
Look on them, look on them, skies profound,
Look how they dance in the morning light !—
This is King LEWIS his orchard ground.

Dead, these dead, in a language dead,
Cry to their fellows in evil plight,
Day meanwhile thro' the lift o'erhead
Dazzles and flames at the blue vault's height ;
Into the air the dews take flight ;
Ravens and crows with a jubilant sound
Over them, over them, hover and light ;—
This is King LEWIS his orchard ground.

Envoi.

PRINCE, we wot of no sorrier sight
Under the whispering leafage found,
Bodies that hang like a hideous blight ;—
This is King LEWIS his orchard ground.

AUSTIN DOBSON.



VENETIAN PAINTER OF THE
LAST CENTURY, PIETRO
LONGHI.

i.

The eighteenth century was marked in Venice by a partial revival of the art of painting. Four contemporary masters—Tiepolo, Canaletti, Longhi and Guardi—have left abundance of meritorious work, which illustrates the taste and manners of society, shows how men and women dressed and moved and took their pastime in the City of the Waters, and preserves for us the external features of Venice during the last hundred years of the Republic.¹

As an artist, Tiepolo was undoubtedly the strongest of these four. In him alone we recognize a genius of the first order, who, had he been born in the great age of Italian painting, might have disputed the palm with men like Tintoretto. His frescoes in the Palazzo Labia, representing the embarkation of Antony and Cleopatra on the Cydnus, and their famous banquet at Canopus, are worthy to be classed with the finest decorative work of Paolo Veronese. Indeed, the sense of colour, the robust breadth of design, and the firm, unerring execution, which distinguish that great master, seem to have passed into Tiepolo, who revives the splendours of the sixteenth century in these superbly painted pageants. It is to be regretted, that one so eminently gifted should have condescended to the barocco taste of the age in those many allegories and celestial triumphs, which he executed upon the ceilings of palaces and the cupolas of churches. Little, except the frescoes of the Labia reception-hall, survives to show what Tiepolo might have achieved, had he remained true to his native instinct for heroic subjects and for masculine sobriety of workmanship.

Of Canaletti it is not necessary to say much. The fame which he erewhile enjoyed in England has been obscured of late years—to some extent, perhaps, by the eloquence of Mr. Ruskin, but more by the finer sense for landscape and the truer way of rendering nature which have sprung up in

¹ G. B. Tiepolo ; b. 1692, d. 1769. Antonio Canale, or Canaletti ; b. 1697, d. 1768. Pietro Longhi ; b. 1702, d. about 1780. Francesco Guardi ; b. 1712, d. 1793.

Europe. His pictures of Venetian buildings and canals strike us as cold, tame, and mechanical, accustomed as we are to the magic of Turner's palette and the penetrative force of his imagination.

Guardi, the pupil and in some respects the imitator of Canaletti, has met with a different fate. Less prized during the heyday of his master's fame, he has been steadily acquiring reputation on account of certain qualities peculiar to himself. His draughtsmanship displays an agreeable sketchiness; his colouring a graceful gemmy brightness and a glow of sunny gold. But what has mainly served to win for Guardi popularity, is the attention he paid to contemporary costume and manners. Canaletti filled large canvasses with mathematical perspectives of city and water. At the same time he omitted life and incident. There is little to remind us that the Venice he so laboriously depicted was the Venice of perukes and bag-wigs, of masks and hoops and carnival disguises. Guardi had an eye for local colour and for fashionable humours. The result is that some of his small pictures—one, for instance, which represents a brilliant reception in the Sala del Collegio of the Ducal Palace—have a real value for us by recalling the life of a vanished and irrecoverable past. Thus Guardi illustrates the truth, that artists may acquire posthumous importance by felicitous accident in their choice of subjects or the bias of their sympathies. We would willingly exchange a dozen so-called historical pictures for one fresh and vivid scene, which brings a bygone phase of civilization before our eyes.

In this particular respect Longhi surpasses Guardi, and deserves to be styled the pictorial chronicler of Venetian society in the eighteenth century. He has even been called the Venetian Hogarth and the Venetian Boucher. Neither of these titles, however, as I shall attempt to demonstrate, rightly characterize his specific quality. Could his numerous works be collected in one place, or adequately reproduced, we should possess a complete epitome of Venetian life and manners in the age which produced Goldoni and Casanova, Carlo Gozzi and Caterina Dolfin-Tron.

ii.

Very little is known of Longhi's career, and that little has no great importance. He was the son of a goldsmith, born

at Venice in 1702, and brought up to his father's trade. While yet a lad, Pietro showed unusual powers of invention and elegance of drawing in the designs he made for ornamental plate. This induced his parents to let him study painting. His early training in the goldsmith's trade, however, seems to have left an indelible mark on Longhi's genius. A love of delicate line remained with him, and he displayed an affectionate partiality for the minutest details of decorative furniture, dress, and articles of luxury. Some of his drawings of plate—coffee-pots, chocolate-mills, ewers, salvers, water-vessels—are exquisite for their instinctive sense of graceful curve and unerring precision of contour. It was a period, as we know, during which such things acquired an almost flawless purity of outline, and Longhi felt them with the enthusiasm of a practised artizan.

He studied painting under Antonio Balestra at Venice, and also under Giuseppe Maria Crespi at Bologna. The baneful influences of the latter city may be traced in Longhi's earliest known undertaking. This is an elaborate work in fresco at the Sagredo Palace on the Grand Canal. The patrician family of that name inhabited an old Venetian-Gothic house at San Felice. Early in the last century they rebuilt the hall and staircase in Palladian style, leaving the front with its beautiful arcades untouched. The decoration of this addition to their mansion was entrusted to Pietro Longhi in 1734. The subject, chosen by himself or indicated by his patron, was the Fall of the Giants—*La Caduta dei Giganti*. Longhi treated this unmanageable theme as follows. He placed the deities of Olympus upon the ceiling. Jupiter in the centre advances, brandishing his arms, and hurling forked lightnings on the Titans, who are precipitated headlong among solid purple clouds and masses of broken mountains, covering the three sides of the staircase. The scene is represented without dignity, dramatic force, or harmony of composition. The drawing throughout is feeble, the colouring heavy and tame, the execution unskilful. Longhi had no notion how to work in fresco, differing herein notably from his illustrious contemporary Tiepolo. A vulgar Jove, particularly vulgar in the declamatory sweep of his left hand, a vulgar Juno, with a sneering, tittering leer upon her common face, reveal the painter's want of

sympathy with mythological grandeur. The Titans are a confused heap of brawny, sprawling nudities—studied, perhaps from gondoliers or stevedores, but showing a want of even academical adroitness in their ill-drawn extremities and inadequate foreshortenings. It was essential in such a subject that movement should be suggested. Yet Longhi has contrived to make the falling rocks and lurid clouds look as though they were irremovably wedged into their places on the walls, while his ruining giants are clearly transcripts from naked models in repose. Here and there upon the ceiling we catch a note of graceful fancy, especially in a group of lightly-painted goddesses,—elegant and natural female figures, draped in pale blues and greens and pinks, with a silvery illumination from the upper sky. But the somewhat effeminate sweetness of this episode is ill-combined with the dull and impotent striving after violent effect in the main subject; and the whole composition leaves upon our mind the impression of “sound and fury, signifying nothing.”

iii.

It is singular that Longhi should have reached the age of thirty-two without discovering his real vocation. The absence of brain-force in the conception, of strength in the design, and of any effective adaptation to architecture, which damns these decorative frescoes, is enough to prove that he was here engaged on work, for which he had no faculty and felt no sympathy.

What revealed to him the true bias of his talent? Did he perchance, just about this period, come across some prints from Hogarth? That is very possible. But the records of his life are so hopelessly meagre that it were useless to indulge in conjecture.

I am not aware whether he had already essayed any of those domestic pieces and delineative scenes from social life, which displayed his genuine artistic power, and for the sake of which his name will always be appreciated. He is said to have been of a gay, capricious temperament, delighting in the superficial aspects of aristocratic society, savouring the humours of the common folk with no less pleasure, and enjoying all phases of that easy-going carnival gaiety, in which the various classes met and mingled at Venice. These inclinations directed him at last into the right path.

For some forty years he continued to paint a series of easel-pictures, none of them very large, some of them quite small, in which the Vanity Fair of Venice at his epoch was represented with fidelity and kindly feeling.

The panels attributed to Pietro Longhi are innumerable. They may be found scattered through public galleries and private collections, adorning the walls of patrician palaces, or thrust away in corners of country houses. He worked carefully, polished the surface of his pictures to the finish of a miniature, set them in frames of a fixed pattern, and covered them with glass. These genre-pictures, while presenting notes of similarity, differ very considerably in their technical handling and their scheme of colour. Our first inference, after inspecting a miscellaneous selection, is that Longhi must have started a school of imitators. Indeed this is probably the case; and it is certain that some pieces ascribed to his brush are the production of his son Alessandro, who was born in 1733. Yet closer study of authentic paintings by Pietro's hand compels the critic to be cautious before he rejects, on internal evidence of style, a single piece assigned by good tradition to this artist. The Museo Civico at Venice, for example, contains a large number of Longhis, some of which seem to fall below his usual standard. I have, however, discovered elaborate drawings for these doubtful pictures in the book of his original sketches, which is also preserved there. Longhi must therefore have painted the pictures himself, or must have left the execution of his designs to a pupil. Again, the style of his two masterpieces (the *Sala del Ridotto* and the *Parlatorio d'un Convento*, both in the Museo Civico) differs in important particulars from that of the elaborately finished little panels by which he is most widely known. These fine compositions are marked by a freer breadth of handling, a sketchy boldness, a combined richness and subtlety of colouring, and an animation of figures in movement, which are not common in the average of his genre-pieces. When I come to speak of the family portrait of the Pisani, signed by his name, I shall have to point out that the style of execution, the scheme of colour, and the pictorial feeling of this large group belong to a manner dissimilar from either of those, which I have already indicated as belonging to authentic Longhis.

It has been well observed by a Venetian writer, whose meagre panegyric is nearly all we have in print upon the subject of this painter's biography, that "there is no scene or point of domestic life which he has not treated many times and in divers ways. All those episodes which make up the Day of a Gentleman, as sung at a later date by Parini, had been already set forth by the brush of Longhi."¹

The duties of the toilette, over which ladies and young men of fashion dawdled through their mornings ; the drinking of chocolate in bed, attended by a wife or mistress or obsequious man of business ; the long hours spent before the looking-glass, with maids or valets matching complexions, sorting dresses from the wardrobe, and fixing patches upon telling points of cheek or forehead ; the fashionable hair-dresser, building up a lady's tower with tongs, or tying the knot of a beau's bag-wig ; the children trooping in to kiss their mother's hand at breakfast time—stiff little girls in hoops, and tiny *cavalieri* in uniform, with sword and shoe-buckles and queue ; the vendors of flowered silks and laces laying out their wares ; the pert young laundress smuggling a billet-doux into a beauty's hand before her unsuspecting husband's face ; the fine gentleman ordering a waistcoat in the shop of a tailoress, ogling and flirting over the commission, while a running footman with tall cane in hand comes bustling in to ask if his lord's suit is ready ; the old patrician lolling in his easy chair, and toying with a fan ; the abbé turning over the leaves of some fresh play or morning paper : scenes like these we may assign to the Venetian forenoon.

Afternoon brings ceremonious visits, when grand ladies, sailing in their hoops, salute each other, and beaux make legs on entering a drawing-room, and lacqueys hand round chocolate on silver salvers. Dancing-lessons may perhaps be assigned to this part of the day ; a spruce French professor teaching his fair pupil how to drop a curtsy, or to swim with solemn grace through the figures of the minuet. At night we are introduced to the hall of the Ridotto ; patricians in toga and snow-white periwig hold banks for *faro* beneath the glittering chandeliers ; men and women,

¹ See V. Lazari, *Elogio di Pietro Longhi*. Venezia, 1862.

closely masked, jostle each other at the gambling-tables, where sequins and ducats lie about in heaps. The petty houses, or *casini*, now engage attention. Here may be seen a pair of stealthy, muffled libertines hastening to complete an assignation. Then there are meetings at street-corners, or on the landing-places of *traghetti*—mysterious figures flitting to and fro in wide miraculous *bautte* beneath the light of flickering flambeaux. Both men and women in these nocturnal scenes wear muffs, trimmed with fur, and secured around their waist by girdles.

Theatres, masked balls, banquets and coffee-houses, music parties in villa-gardens, the assemblies of literary coteries, promenades on the piazza, and carnival processions, obtain their due share of attention from this vigilant observer. But, as is the way with Longhi, only episodes are treated. He does not, like some painters of our own time—like Mr. Frith, R.A., for instance—attempt to bring the accumulated details of a complex scene before us. He leaves the context of his chosen incident to be divined.

The traffic of the open streets—quack-doctors on their platforms with a crowd of gaping dupes around them, mountebanks performing tricks, the criers of stewed plums and sausages, fortune-tellers, itinerant musicians, improvisatory poets bawling out their octave stanzas, cloaked serenaders twangling mandolines—such motives may be found in fair abundance among Longhi's genre-pieces. Nor does he altogether neglect the country. Many of his pictures are devoted to hunting parties, riding-lessons, shooting and fishing, all the amusements of the Venetian *villeggiatura*. Peasants, lounging over their wine or pottage at a rustic table, are depicted with no less felicity than the beau and coquette in their glory. The grimy interior of a village tavern is portrayed with the same gusto as a fine lady's gilt saloon.

v.

Longhi used to tell Goldoni that they—the painter and the playwright—were brethren in Art; and one of the poet's sonnets records this saying:—

*"Longhi, tu che la mia musa sorella
Chiami del tuo pennel che cerca il vero."*

It seems that their contemporaries were alive to the similar

qualities and the common aims of the two men ; for Gasparo Gozzi drew a parallel between them in a number of his Venetian Gazzetta. Indeed the resemblance is more than merely superficial. Longhi surveyed human life with the same kindly glance and the same absence of gravity or depth of intuition as Goldoni. They both studied nature, but nature only in her genial moods. They both sincerely aimed at truth, but avoided truths which were sinister or painful.

This renders the designation of Venetian Hogarth peculiarly inappropriate to Longhi. There is neither tragedy nor satire, and only a thin silvery vein of humour, in his work. Indeed it may be questioned whether he was in any exact sense humorous at all. What looks like humour in some of his pictures is probably unconscious. In like manner he lacked pathos, and never strove to moralize the themes he treated. Where would Hogarth be if we excluded Gargantuan humour, Juvenalian satire, stern morality, and cruel pathos from his scenes of social life? Longhi is never gross and never passionate. With a kind of sensitive French curiosity he likes to graze the darker and the coarser side of life, and pass it by. He does not want to probe the cancers of the human breast, or to lay bare the festering sores of vice. What would become of Hogarth if he were deprived of his grim surgical anatomy? Neither in the heights nor in the depths was Longhi at home—neither in the region of Olympian poetry nor in the purgatory of man's sin and folly. He sailed delightfully, agreeably, across the middle waters of the world, where steering is not difficult.

In all this Goldoni resembles him, except only that Goldoni had a rich vein of cheerful humour. It would be therefore more just to call Longhi the Goldoni of painting than the Venetian Hogarth.

Longhi's portrait, unlike that of Goldoni, betrays no sensuousness. He seems to have had a long, refined face, with bright, benignant, dark eyes, a pleasantly smiling mouth, thin lips, and a look of gently subversive appreciation rather than of irony or sarcasm. The engraving by which I know his features suggests an intelligent, attenuated Addison—not a powerful or first-rate man, but a genially observant superior mediocrity.

Although Longhi, as a personality, is clearly not of the

same type as Hogarth, there are certain points of similarity between the men as artists. Both were taught the goldsmith's trade, and both learned painting under Bolognese influences. Both eventually found their sphere in the delineation of the life around them. There the similarity ceases. Longhi lacks, as I have said, the humour, the satire, the penetrative imagination, the broad sympathy with human nature in its coarser aspects, which make Hogarth unrivalled as a pictorial moralist. At the same time, it is difficult to imagine that Longhi was not influenced by Hogarth. In the technique of his art he has something which appears to be derived from the elder and stronger master—a choice of points for observation, an arrangement of figures in groups, a mode of rendering attitude and suggesting movement; finally, the manner of execution reminds us of Hogarth. Longhi abandoned his false decorative style, the style of the Palazzo Sagredo, at some time after 1734. This date corresponds with Hogarth's triumphant entrance upon his career as a satirical painter of society. Possibly Longhi may have met with the engravings of the *Marriage à la Mode*, and have been stimulated by them to undertake the work, which he carried on with nothing of Hogarth's moral force, and with a small portion of his descriptive faculty, yet still with valuable results for the student of eighteenth century manners.

vi.

In 1763 an Academy for the study of the arts of design was opened by some members of the Pisani family in their palace at S. Stefano. The chiefs of that patrician house were four sons of the late Doge Alvise Pisani. According to Lazari, my sole authority for this passage in Longhi's biography, the founder of the Academy was a Procuratore di S. Marco, who had a son of remarkable promise. This son he wished to instruct in the fine arts: and Pietro Longhi was chosen to fill the chair of painting, which he occupied for two years. At the end of that time, young Pisani died, and the institution was closed—now that the hopes which led to its foundation were extinguished.¹

Among the few facts of Longhi's life this connection with the Pisani Academy has to be recorded. It is also of some importance in helping us to decide whether a large portrait-

picture, representing the chiefs of the Pisani family, together with the wife and children of one of its most eminent members (Luigi, a godchild of Louis XIV.), is rightly ascribed to him. The huge canvas, which is now in the possession of the Contessa Evelina Almorò Pisani, was found by her rolled up and hidden away in a cabinet beneath the grand staircase of the Palazzo Pisani at S. Stefano.² It proved to be in excellent preservation; and it is signed in large clear text letters—*Pietro Longhi*. So far there would seem to be no doubt that the picture is genuine; and I, for my part, am prepared to accept it as such, when I consider that Longhi enjoyed the confidence of the Pisani family, and presided over their Academy, about the period when it was executed. Yet the student of his works cannot fail to be struck by marked differences of style between this and other authentic pictures from his hand.

The central group consists of the noble Lady Paolina Gambara, wife of Luigi Pisani, seated with her children round her.³ Her husband stands behind, together with his three brothers and an intimate friend of the house. Allegorical figures representing the arts and sciences complete the composition. In the distance is seen the princely palace of Strà upon the Brenta, which was designed in part by one of the Pisani brothers. The arrangement of these interconnected groups is excellent; the characterization of the several heads, admirable; the drawing, firm and accurate; and the whole scene is bathed in a glow of roseate colour which seems actually to radiate light. Longhi, so far as I am aware, produced nothing in the same style as this com-

¹ I have followed Lazari above. But examination of the Pisani pedigree (published for the Nozze Giusti-Giustiniani, Rovigo, Tip. Minelliana, 1887) shows that none of the Doge's sons was Procuratore di S. Marco, and that none of them had a son who died before marriage. The only Procuratore Pisani of this period was Giorgio Pisani (1739—1811), of the branch surnamed In Procuratia. He played a prominent part in the political history of the last days of the Venetian Republic. But he also had no son who can be connected with Lazari's story regarding the foundation of the Academy. I am obliged therefore to suppose that Lazari's account, though substantially correct as to the existence of the Academy in question, was based on a confused tradition.

² The picture now hangs on the wall of Mme. Pisani's drawing-room in the Palazzo Barbaro on the Grand Canal of Venice.

³ The eldest of these children was born in 1753, and may have been about seven when the picture was painted.

plicated masterpiece of portraiture and allegorical suggestion. In conception, execution, and scheme of colour, it reminds us of a French painter ; and if he had left a series of such works, he might have deserved what now seems the inappropriate title of the Venetian Boucher.

I cannot pretend to have seen more than a small portion of Longhi's pictures. But this portrait of the Pisani family detaches itself as something in a different key of feeling and of workmanship from any with which I am acquainted. Admirers of his art should not fail to pay it the attention it deserves ; and if the day comes when a thorough study of this interesting master shall be made, it is not impossible that genuine paintings in the same manner may be discovered.

vii.

A series of frescoes attributed to Pietro Longhi should also here be mentioned. They decorate three sides of the staircase of the Palazzo Sina (formerly Grassi) on the Grand Canal. The balustrades of an open loggia or gallery are painted with bold architectural relief. Behind the pilasters of this balcony a motley company of life-sized figures promenade or stand about in groups. Some are entering in carnival costume, with masks and long mantles. Others wear the gala dress of the last century. Elderly ladies are draped in the black *zendado* of Venetian aristocracy. Grave senators bend their courtly heads beneath the weight of snowy periwigs. Lacqueys in livery and running footmen in Albanian costume wait upon the guests, handing chocolate or wines on silver trays. This scene of fashionable life is depicted with vivacity ; the studies of face and attitude are true to nature ; an agreeable air of good tone and sober animation pervades the whole society. Probably many of the persons introduced were copied from the life ; for it is reported of Longhi that one of his greatest merits was the dexterity with which he reproduced the main actors in the *bel monde* of Venice—so that folk could recognize their acquaintances upon his canvas merely by the carriage of their mask and domino.

Owing to restoration, it is difficult to say how far the fresco-painting was well executed, and to what extent the original tone has been preserved. At present the colouring is somewhat chalky, dull, and lifeless ; and I suspect Longhi's

brush-work suffered considerably when the palace was internally remodelled some years ago.

viii.

It only remains to speak of Pietro Longhi's sketch-book. This collection of original drawings, numbering 140 pieces, and containing a very large variety of studies (several pages being filled on front and back with upwards of ten separate figures) was formed by Alessandro Longhi. It came into the possession of the patrician Teodoro Correr, who bequeathed it, together with the rest of his immense museum, to the town of Venice.

As a supplement to Longhi's paintings, this sketch-book is invaluable. It brings us close to the artist's methods, aims, and personal predilections in the choice of motives. Most of the drawings are done in hard black pencil or chalk, heightened and corrected with white; a few in soft red chalk. Unfortunately, they have suffered to a large extent from rubbing, and this injury is likely to increase with time, owing to the clumsy binding of the volume which contains them.

Studies from the nude are conspicuous by their extreme rarity and want of force. Great attention has been paid to the details of costume and furniture. The *zendado*, the *bautta*, the hoop, the bag-wig, the fop's coat and waistcoat, the patrician's civil mantle, the knee-breeches and stockings of a well-dressed gentleman, are copied and re-copied with loving care. Painters at the easel, ballet-girls with castanets, maid-servants holding trays, grooms and lacqueys, men on horseback, serenaders with lute or mandoline, ballad-singers, music and dancing-masters, women working at lace-pillows, gentlemen in bed, sportsmen discharging their fowling-pieces, gondoliers rowing, little girls in go-carts or fenced chairs, sellers of tarts in the street, country boys in taverns, chests of drawers, pots, pans, jugs, gourds, wine-flasks, parrots in cages, ladies at the clavichord, queues, fans, books, snuff-boxes, tables, petticoats, desks, the draperies of doors and windows, wigs, footmen placing chairs for guests, beaux bowing in the doorway or whispering tender nothings at a beauty's ear, old men reclining in arm-chairs, embroiderers at work, muffs, copper water-buckets, nurses with babies in their arms,

silver plate of all descriptions:—such is the farrago of this multiform and graceful, but limited, series of transcripts from the world of visible objects. It is clear that Longhi thought “the proper study of mankind is man”;—and man as principally a clothed, sociable, well-behaved animal.

His sketches are remarkable for their strenuous sincerity—their search after the right attitude, their serious effort to hit the precise line wanted, their suggested movement and seizure of life in the superficies. They have a sustained air of good breeding, refined intelligence, and genial sympathy with the prose of human nature. Landscape might never have existed so far as Longhi was concerned. I do not think that a tree, a cloud, or even a flower will be found among the miscellaneous objects he so carefully studied and drew so deftly. The world he moved in was the world of men and women meeting on the surface-paths of daily intercourse. Even here, we do not detect the slightest interest in passionate or painful aspects of experience. All Longhi's people are well-to-do and placid in their different degrees. The peasants in the taverns do not brawl, nor the fine gentlemen fight duels, nor the lovers in the drawing-rooms quarrel. He seems to have overlooked beggary, disease, and every form of vice or suffering. He does not care for animals. With the exception of a parrot, a caged canary, and a stiffly drawn riding-horse, the brute creation is not represented in these sketches. No sarcasm, no grossness, no violence of any kind, disturbs the calm artistic seriousness, the sweet painstaking curiosity of his mental mood. The execution throughout is less robust than sensitively delicate. We feel a something French, a suggestion of Watteau's elysium of fashion, in his touch on things. In fine, the sketch-book corroborates the impression made on us by Longhi's finished pictures.

ix.

With all his limitations of character and artistic scope, Longhi remains a very interesting and highly respectable painter. In an age of social corruption he remained free from impurity, and depicted only what was blameless and of good repute. We cannot study his work without surmising that manners in Italy were more refined than in our

own country at that epoch—a conclusion to which we are also led by Goldoni's, Carlo Gozzi's, and even Casanova's Memoirs. Morally licentious and politically decadent, the Venetians undoubtedly were. But they were neither brutal, nor cruel, nor savage, nor sottish. Even the less admirable aspects of their social life—its wasteful luxury and effeminate indulgence in pleasure—have been treated with so much reserve by this humane artist, that youth and innocence can suffer no contamination from the study of his works. At the same time they are delightful for their gracious realism, for their naïve touch upon the follies of the period. Those who love to dream themselves back into the days of hoops and perukes—and there are many such among us now—should not neglect to make themselves acquainted with Pietro Longhi.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.



A BURDEN OF EASTER VIGIL.

Awhile meet Doubt, and Faith :
For either sigheth, and saith ;
That He is dead
To-day : the linen cloths cover His head,
That hath at last, whereon to rest ; a rocky bed.

Come ! for the pangs are done,
That overcast the sun,
So bright to-day !
And moved the Roman soldier : come away !
Hath sorrow more to weep ? hath pity more to say ?

Why wilt thou linger yet ?
Think on dark Olivet ;
On Calvary Stem :
Think, from the happy birth at Bethlehem,
To this last woe and passion at Jerusalem !

This only can be said :
He loved us all ; is dead ;
May rise again.
But if He rise not ? Over the far main,
The sun of glory falls indeed : the stars are plain.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

SILVARVM: POTENS: D



IANA: CANDIDA: DEA.



THE LEGEND AND TRANSLATIONS
OF BALTHAZAR, MELCHIOR, AND
JASPER: THE THREE KINGS OF
COLOGNE. A PAPER READ TO
THE NEW COLLEGE ESSAY SO-
CIETY.

If one were looking for a 'motif,' upon which to build a romance, there could hardly, I imagine, be found one more suggestive, more unfettered, than the Gospel narrative of the advent of the wise men to Bethlehem.

"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born king of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him . . .

"Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

"When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

"And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way."

That is the Gospel account, an account only given by one of the four Evangelists; and there is no other mention of the wise men, no reference to them, no hint of them, in all the New Testament.

Surely, it is a fascinating story: a glimpse into far countries, and strange creeds; a tale of a great faith. No one could read it and help wondering at it; even half wishing it were not the way of the Biblical writers to be content with allusion and the briefest reference, to what is not in their

direct path. One would so much like to know who these wise men really were ; where they came from ; and, above all, what their subsequent history was. Perhaps it is not difficult to construct a probable history for them : Chaldæans, versed in astrology ; and, expecting the birth of a great conqueror and king from some extraordinary conjunction of stars ; coming to see him at the moment of his birth ; perhaps, when they found the circumstances of his birth, being glad to think that they alone of all men had hailed the future king, when all looked so far from empire for him, and that they would have a strong claim upon him when he came into his kingdom ; returning, in this expectation and hope, to their own country, and waiting on for the rise of the new power, which should shatter the strength of the Roman Empire, and set up again Bel, and the tabernacle of Moloch, and the star of Remphan, in their old homes on the plain of Shinar. There they would wait, growing older and more hopeless, hearing nothing of the child they had seen ; or, if they did hear, not dreaming to connect a Jewish social reformer, who was publicly executed for sedition, with him, whose star they had seen in the east, and whom they had journeyed far to worship.

And there is a pathos, even so, in their story : in any case, from whatever view we regard them, they must have been looking earnestly and anxiously for the new king ; and though, in all likelihood, their hopes went no further than the substitution of one reign of brute force for another, the ascendancy of a nation as debased as that they wished to overthrow, the restoration of a more brutal devil-worship for a more licentious, yet they may be champions of a true national spirit, defenders of impossible loyalties, and still more impossible creeds, touched and transfigured by the radiance and the glow of the sunset.

I have said that theirs is a fascinating story : such at least it appeared to the early members of the Church ; it piqued their curiosity ; and, as always happens, their unsatisfied curiosity invented a history, which might represent what men would like to believe.

The story has come down to us in its latest shape bearing the date of the fifteenth century ; there are, so far as I have been able to discover, no earlier extant versions of the whole of it. It is no part of my purpose to enter upon the tedious

and difficult question of the manuscripts, to settle which is the earlier, and which the more corrupt; indeed, as to corruption, they are all said to be about as bad as they can be. But I must just mention which is supposed to be the more authentic: it is that which is ascribed to John of Hildesheim, a Carmelite monk, who lived in the pontificate of Clement V., and studied at Avignon, whither he went with Petrus Thomas, the General of his Order. In 1358 he was made 'biblicus' at Paris, by a chapter held at Bordeaux; was a doctor of divinity and professor. He left his post at Paris to become prior of the convent at Cassel; and in 1366 was sent on a mission to Rome, which he conducted with such success, that on his return he was made prior of the convent at Marienau. He was chosen to mediate in the dispute between the Bishop of Hildesheim and the Duke of Brunswick; and he died in 1375.

It is probable that he wrote his "*Historia Trium Regum*" in order to claim some honour, and the advantages of relic-veneration, for his own community; for when the bodies of the three saints were brought to Cologne, the archbishop gave three fingers to Hildesheim, where he had once himself been prior.

This history was translated into English by Wynkyn de Worde, of whose translation two editions are extant; one bearing no date, the other the date 1499. The latter has a colophon which is curious: "This was brought unto me in Englysse of an old translacyon rough and rude, and requyred to amend it: I thought it less labour to write new the whole. I beseech you take all unto the beste, and pray for the old wretched brother of Syon, Richard Whytforde."

With so much of preface, I pass to the legend itself as given in the "*Short Treatise of the Three Kynges of Coleyne*"; a work which, however deficient in some respects, has the merit of a naïve charm, and goes into the whole story, starting from the very beginning, as we shall see; adding my sense of the shortcomings of this essay, by beseeching you to "take all unto the beste."

When Balaam "prophecied ryght gloriously of the Incarnacyon of our lorde," and said '*Orietur stella ex Jacob, et consurget virga de Israel, et percutiet duces Moab, vastabitque omnes filios Seth, et erit Idumaea possessio ejus,*' then

all the great lords of Inde desired to see that star. Their desire was no little increased by the prophecies of Jeremy, of Daniel, and of Micah : for these being translated out of Ebrew into Chaldee did shew the Persians and Chaldaeans what part they were to play in the fulfilment of prophecy, insomuch that they were yet more fervent in their quest for the star. "Wherby," the story quaintly says, "we shall understande that all this is by goddis ordynaunce and of his habundaunt mercy and also to the strenthyng of our faythe."

Now in India there is a hill named Vaws : which is in height above all the hills in India, but is no broader than space to build a chapel upon. So "they of Perse and of Caldee . . . ordeyned twelue of the gretest clerkes of astronomye . . . to kepe the hyll of Vaws aforesayde."

So they were ever watching for the Star : till the time of the Incarnation.

The story then follows closely the Gospel narrative of the circumstances of the Incarnation, relating Joseph's dream and the journey to Bethlehem, for the taxing. One curious statement is worth noticing: "The discruynge was fyrst vnder Cirinus that was bisshopp of Syrie"; but I suppose this is not so much a Mediæval anachronism, such as is to be found commonly in mysteries and miracle plays, as a specialized translation of ἐπίσκοπος, instead of the usual "governor."

The same night that Christ was born, the star began to rise along the hill of Vaws in the form of an eagle, and shone all day as bright as the sun : then its shape was changed to that of a young child, and above him the sign of a cross. The "clerkes of astronomye" at once forwarded news to their sovereigns, for the astronomical college was seemingly of many nations, that the Star, for which the nations had been waiting during fifteen centuries, had appeared : "The people that sat in darkness had seen a great light."

The kings of Inde, Caldee, and Persidee had all seen the star, and, when they heard that it was the star of prophecy, they each determined to go and see Him whom it bethought : and this is the more marvellous, for they lived far from each other, and their countries are all islands ; nor did they know each other's purpose : but they started from the three Indes : Melchior, king of Nubia, wherein is Arabia

and the Red Sea, whose ground makes the water look like red wine, though the water itself is white, out of which runneth "a grete flode that rennyth in to a ryuer of paradyse terrestre, and that riuer is callyd Nilus": and there, stones, trees, herbs, and all are red for the most part.

Balthazar, king of Godolie, where incense does greatly abound: and Jasper, king of Taars, or Tarsis.

Melchior was the "leste of stature": Balthazar of "meane stature", but Jasper was "moste of stature and he was a blacke Ethioppe wythoute doubte." So these three kings journeyed on at the guiding of the star: and the star shined clear by day and night, so that they had no need to stop upon the way, nor were they let by the darkness: not once did they stop even to take food, or to water their horses, for God supplied their wants.

And He made their journey to be fourteen days only in length. So when they were come by different routes within two miles of the Holy City, a dark and great cloud covered them and all the earth, and they lost the star. At that time Melchior was where three roads meet hard by the hill of Calvary, but Balthazar tarried in Galilee. They went on in great doubt, and met as they were entering into Jerusalem. Then took place their interview with Herod: 'ubi est qui natus est rex Iudaeorum': and after it the star again appeared to them.

Then these three glorious kings, the "firste of myscreauntes that byleued on Criste," took their way to the manger, and found God lying there, and His mother: and worshipped Him, and gave Him their gifts: their gifts were part of the riches that king Alisander left in the East, and the ornaments which "the quene of Saba founde in Salamons Temple", taken away at the destruction of Jerusalem by them of Perse and Chaldee: in their awe they could only take from their treasures what lay nearest to their hand: Melchior gave a golden apple and thirty pieces of gold, Balthazar incense, and Jasper myrrh.

Their homeward journey took them two years, during which they were pursued by Herod, whose anger at their escape fell specially upon Tarsis and Cilicia for allowing them to pass over sea that way.

They told of the vision of the Child, wherever they came

on their travel ; and, on their arrival home, they built a chapel upon Vaws, the mountain of the star, agreeing to meet there once a year ; and there they ordered their sepulchres. Then with sorrow they parted the one from the other, and in their own homes preached to their people, who leave their “mawmettes,” originally, of course, Mohammeds and so idols, and worship the Child. There they abode “in worshypfull and honeste conuersacion tyl after the Ascencion of our lorde Jhesu Crist: and wythin shorte tyme after thenne came saynt Thomas thapostle in to thir countree.”

The kings soon hear of the new preacher, and come to be baptized: they are filled with the Holy Ghost, and preach with the Apostle: who goes with them to Vaws, and consecrates the chapel they had built. Through the course of divers people to the chapel they build under Mount Vaws a city called Seville, which unto this day is the habitation of Prester John and of the Patriarch Thomas of Ynde. S. Thomas ordains the kings priests, and afterwards consecrates them archbishops: who go throughout their countries ordaining and consecrating priests and bishops. They retire from the vanity of the world and abide in the cite of Seville, assigning lords to govern their lands, both in spiritualitie and temporalitie. The second year before their death they hold a convocation and let the people choose a patriarch, who should always bear the name of Thomas, in memory of the apostle: and, what is more curious, a temporal lord, in case the spiritual power should fail, and him they called Prester John: for the kings were priests; and “there no degree so high as presthode is in all the world, nor so worthy;” and John is a remembrance of the “Evangelist, that was a priest, the most special chosen and loved of God Almighty.” After two years spent in Seville appeared the star, a little before the feast of the Nativity of our Lord, by which they “understood their time was nighe.” With one assent they ordered a fair tomb in the church they had made in Seville: and on “the feste of the Cyrcumsicion, Melchior kynge of Arabie and of nuby sayd his masse solempnely in the chyrche, and whan he had sayd masse tofore all the people, he layde hym downe and wythout oni dysese or heuynesse he yelde vp his spirite to the fader of heuen, and soo dyed in the yere of his aage L and xvi.”

At Epiphany Balthazar of Godolie and Saba, when he had done mass, passed to God ; and the sixth day after, Christ took Jasper of Taars and Egriswill to Him, and to his bliss.

They buried them in one tomb, and over it abode always the star, until they were translated to Cologne.

But in after times heresy spread in Seville, and their bodies were taken away each to his own land : until Helena recovered them in the time of Constantine. When he was converted, Helena was dwelling among the Vaws : she undertook a voyage to India, and there revived the Faith. Her desire to get the bodies of the kings was great : she obtained those of Melchior and Balthazar : but the Nestorians had borne Jasper to Egriswill, and only could she get it in exchange for that of S. Thomas. But men say, interposes Prior John, that this too shall come to Cologne : for there shall be an archbishop of Cologne, who shall make a marriage between the emperor's son of Rome and the emperor's daughter of Tartary, and the Holy Land shall be given up to Christians.

S. Helena brought the bodies to Constantinople and deposited them in the church of the Heavenly Wisdom : from there they were translated by Eustorgius to Melayne, or Milan, being given him by the Emperor Manuel.

When Milan rebelled against the Emperor Frederick I. he sent for help to Reynold of Dassel, Archbishop designate of Cologne. This Reynold who was Archbishop designate and Chancellor of Cologne since 1159, was not consecrated till the 2 Oct. 1165. He seems to have had a curious interest in relics, for on 29 Dec. he examined at Aix those of Charlemagne, who, to please Frederick Barbarossa, was canonized by the anti-Pope Paschal III ; the canonization was afterwards ratified by legitimate authority. And now the accounts vary much : one relates that the Emperor, when he razed the town, spared the church of S. Eustorgio, and gave the relics to the Archbishop as his share of the plunder. Some even say that the relics never left Milan ; but Milanese historians confess it with great bitterness. Others say that their hiding-place was betrayed 'par une vieille sotte.' The lady thus characterized with more acrimony than politeness was abbess of a convent, and sister of the burgomaster of the city.

Another version is more picturesque. After the capture of the city an illustrious Milanese nobleman, Azzo della Torre, privately intimated, that, if the Archbishop would procure his release from the prison, to which his rebellion had consigned him, he would show him where to get the relics. The Archbishop had Azzo released, got the relics, and immediately sent them to Cologne : then he asked the Emperor's permission to take them : happily it was granted, and he took them home.

With them were also the relics of SS. Nabor and Felix, and the head of S. Apollinaris of Ravenna. Wherever they stopped, they were treated with great veneration, and many miracles were performed on the journey. Every one will remember that ascribed to S. Apollinaris : how the ship stopped in its journey, where the Apollinaris church now stands on the left bank of the Rhine, and refused to move till the saint's head had been left, and the foundations laid of a chapel in honour of him. So, slowly and reverently, they were carried on ; and, at last, on 23 July, 1164, the bodies of the three glorious kings were brought to Cologne, with great pomp and rejoicing. But the city had not yet a home worthy of so esteemed guests : they were lodged in the cathedral, but only for a time ; and then their chapel was built, and the shrine, in which they now rest, made for them during the Episcopate of Philip von Heinsberg, who succeeded to Reynold.

We can recognize in this story a good deal of the current thoughts of the age in which it was written. It is full of symbolism : one need only mention the meeting of the kings on three roads by Calvary ; or the gift of the apple and the thirty pieces of money, each the temptation to a fall and a betrayal. There is the extraordinary geographical mis-knowledge and confusion of the time ; there is the prejudice of the monk in making the kings leave the vanity of the world, and of the ecclesiastic in his assertion of the supreme dignity of the priesthood.

But I suppose the important thing is, is it true ?

John professes to be transcribing from Hebrew and Chaldæan books ; but I suspect they had not a more real existence than the writings of Teufelsdröckh. They are merely a mask, under cover of which he can indulge his

romantic and imaginative vein. But I do not mean that John invented the whole story: one has to remember that a treatise like this served many purposes; it was not only a devotional book, but also a history; and an account of foreign countries, as good as the imperfect knowledge of the times could give: and it was a romance; it had to be interesting and picturesque, and with this end materials of very different sorts were combined and worked up into a whole.

If one were looking for weaknesses upon which scepticism might fasten, he might have an easy task; to begin with, what authority is there for the story that the wise men were kings, or that they were three in number? A semi-pagan view of prophecy is the ground of the belief in their dignity; the word of Isaiah was "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising": the Gradual for the Eve of Epiphany contained Balaam's prophecy, "Kings shall be thy nursing fathers"; and the Offertory for Epiphany is "The kings of Tarsis and of the isles shall give presents, the kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts." What the Church thus seemed to indicate, it would have been impious to refrain from asserting.

The number three is merely an instance of the symbolic temper of the Middle Age. Thus the Venerable Bede says, "*Magi tres partes mundi significant, Asiam, Africam, Europam;*" and Petrus de Natalibus makes their age respectively sixty, forty, and twenty, representative of the three ages of man; while they themselves represent the three kinds of the human race; and hence Jasper is an Ethiop; a tradition which Raphael follows.

The names first appear in a painting of the eleventh century; and, in literature, in a breviary of Mersebourg, and in an ecclesiastical history of 1179.

The whole story of the Epiphany presents historical difficulties. The Feast of the Holy Innocents comes before that of the Epiphany in the Calendar, though the events are related in the reverse order in the Gospel: so an interval of about a year has been supposed between the Nativity and the Epiphany, a view held by S. Epiphanius and Bollandus among others. And Sarcophagi of the earliest date represent Christ about a year old, receiving the Magi; while, at S. Eustorgio, He is represented as already tall. Yet I can-

not but think, that there need be no difficulty about the place in the Calendar of the Holy Innocents, a place determined, doubtless, by symbolical considerations.

At the beginning of this Essay I constructed a possible history of these wise men; but supposing one wishes to accept the legend in the form into which it has been moulded, can he do so without a violation of conscience? I think not.

To begin with, the preservation of the relics for centuries in India is a strain upon credulity, where there is no evidence for such a thing. And as soon as the story comes into the great stream of tradition, it is hampered by difficulty; it joins the current at a peculiarly unfortunate moment. Any legend, which is connected in its early life with the name of S. Helena, I cannot myself help regarding as having at once a taint of illegitimacy. S. Helena was a desperate relic hunter, if one may so speak of saints, and, seemingly, not by any means a scientific collector, or a scrupulous antiquary. Even supposing she ever reached India, there is not a particle of evidence to show that the relics were ever venerated at Constantinople; which certainly looks as if they never had been there to venerate. To confirm this suspicion, there is a homily of the sixth or seventh century among the spurious works of S. Chrysostom; in this the history of the Magi is not traced further than their baptism by S. Thomas. The author makes them watch for the star upon a certain "Mons Victoralis"; a name which may account for the "Mount Vaws" of Brother Richard Whitforde. Then the translation to Milan is a very twilight transaction. The story is, that Eustorgius was a native of Constantinople, sent on a mission to Milan; the Milanese made him their bishop, and he procured the bodies for his diocese. The MS. at the Hague first adds the name of the Emperor Manuel; and John of Hildesheim says, that the translation to Milan was made at the instance of the Emperor Mauricius; because Milan had assisted him in the recovery of Greece and Armenia, that had been laid waste by the Saracens and Persians. He adds: "It is read, *legitur*, that this translation was made under Manuel by Eustorgius."

Papebroeck alters the date of this translation to the time of the Emperor Phocas, 603-610; others to the time of Zeno, 474-491: a ducat of the latter was shown in the church of

S. Eustorgio, and said to have been found in the ark, in which the kings were translated to Milan; the coin was supposed to be part of the money offered by the kings at Bethlehem.

Clearly, then, the formation of the legend had been for some time in progress, and had gone forward, especially after the translation to Cologne; the number of the Wise Men, their names, their character, their attributes, were becoming fixed; traditions were floating about concerning their life and death; the same prophecies had long been applied to them, and the meaning of their gifts discussed. The homilies then in use gave information about them in a dispersed form; for instance, the Golden Legend gives merely a former stage of the story, only briefly mentioning the translation by S. Helena and S. Eustorgio.

S. Eustorgio is said to have been the third bishop of Milan before S. Ambrose; but it is worth noticing, that neither S. Ambrose himself, nor Paulinus his biographer, knows anything about the presence of the relics in their city.

Nor, if we allow the authenticity of the relics thus far, can we be sure that we have them now. Even at the time of the translation to Cologne there were sceptics, who insisted upon the discrepancy of the stories of the "invention"; some placing it in the church of the three kings, or S. Eustorgio, and others saying that the bodies were taken from the Campanile of S. Giorgio.

And the *Libellus Justitiae et Doloris* says, "*Corpora inveniebantur, quæ dicebantur esse magorum trium.*"

One ought to mention, that there is no evidence of the church of S. Eustorgio having the alternative title of that of the three kings, till after the date of the final version of the story.

The subject was a favourite topic of the day: the saints were the most popular saints of Christendom; their festival was celebrated with peculiar splendour; with impersonations of their story inside the church, and mummeries and plays outside it. To fix the traditions, to have the legend of the national saints, to have it complete with all the apparatus then required in a legend, was a task of national interest; and that is the task that John of Hildesheim set before himself.

But if the legend is not true in its particulars, has it no value for us? Is it merely a superstitious fable and a dangerous deceit? Before we answer that, we must ask what we have a right to look for in legendary histories and mediæval romances. We do expect incident, and variety, and inventiveness, and grace; we do not, or, if we do, we should not, expect a critical habit, or great sobriety. It is the temper of mind most fatal to an understanding, or to an enjoyment of the past, which judges the past by its own standards. We have the misfortune to live in a critical age, and can scarcely with a struggle transport ourselves back to the times of the Crusades; or bring ourselves, even in imagination, to picture the shadow of the Roman Empire over Europe, the attraction of Byzantine traditions, the wild half knowledge of the East, of the kingdom of Prester John, with his sceptre of emerald, and his mirror wherein he could see all that took place within his dominions, and his soldiers three ells high, "with women similar." All such marvels as these, which are actually described in the letter of Prester John to the Pope, or the mystic, enchanted scenes of the story of the Holy Grail, and the adventures of the knights of Charlemagne, or our own Arthurian romances, were to the man of that time sober realities; they were things he expected to come across. At any moment in his own life, he might hear the Loreley's song, or catch a sight of the soul-staining vision at the mouth of the Venusberg cave; or come upon the mystical chapel of the Grail, with its unseen attendants; or the garden of Klingsor, or the dark tower of Roland.

Thus we may not ask for history, but we may ask for parable. At least the mediæval man was spiritual; he was ferocious, licentious, or overstrained and ecstatic; but in everything he saw the signs and evidences of another, a higher order of life. There was that within that passed show; all his days were a parable, and his work was to find the meaning and application of the parable. This feeling it was, that made the builders of the Middle Ages cover their work with strange figures of demons and frightful monsters. This is the explanation of the grotesques, which form the gurgoyles and corbels in their churches; of the quaint beasts carved upon the misereres, and interlaced with the tabernacle

work of stalls ; of the dragons and imps that creep and climb up and down the sides of their missals. They are the translation into forms of sense of things not seen, except by the seeing eye of the spirit.

These are all commonplaces, but they serve to bring out the point and enduring interest of such a legend as that of the three kings. The men who gathered and caused the floating particles of that legend to crystallize, may have known, who can tell ? that even to their rude critical sense the story they pieced together was dubious, or worse.

But none the less, as spiritual teachers of their age, they saw their opportunity and took it ; they set forth for their generation the beauty of faith and its reward.

And as clear beacons of faith, the three kings were venerated : for them, "the first of myscreauntes that byleved on Christ," was the new cathedral built, and the chapel made rich, after their resting-place had been destroyed by the flames ; in honour of faith came the pilgrims from all the world to Cologne, to see the remains of those first pilgrims ; to a shrine that was very far off, that with their eyes they might see the king in His beauty.

There the bodies have remained for seven hundred years, undisturbed through all the dangers of the turbulent town, through all the wars of the Middle Ages ; through all the impieties of the French Revolution, when the cathedral was a barn for hay, and French horses were stabled in its chapels ; a goal for pilgrims, a lodestar for the devotion of Europe, that has never yet lost its attractive power. Even now the devotee and the faithful go to wonder side by side with the tourist and the incredulous : but the incredulous, too, in presence of the evidence of a faith so strong and so unhesitating, must forget to be sceptical, and join in a veneration, which brings no feeling of incongruity, before the most famous monument and resting-place in Europe.

WILLIAM BUSBY.



MATTHEW ARNOLD :

April 15 ;

1888.

*" Intanto voce fu per me udita :
' Onorate l'altissimo Poeta ;
L'ombra sua torna, ch'era dipartita.' "*

WHAT mode, what measure, for so dear an head,
Can tell my grief? The good, for thee, shall weep :
In vain! No tears can bring thee, from the dead ;
No God may wake thee, from thy perfect sleep.

Now, the sweet light, no longer, strikes thine eyes :
And ; as thine Horace wrote, long, long ago ;
Wife, children, houses, friends, the sun, the skies,
Exist no more for those, who pass below.

Nor worth, nor piety, averts the doom :
The common doom, that solemn Clotho brings ;
For thee, for thee, the cypress and the tomb ;
For me, " the sense of tears in mortal things."

Yet, we strew on thee roses, roses in bloom ;
With hands full of lilies, we go to thy tomb ;
Not with cypress, or yew, or funeral gloom :
For thou art secure, from the common doom.

Yes ! if we mourn for thee, we waste our breath :
Fate brought, to thee, no languor, no decay ;
Thou did'st not feel the icy hand of death ;
With bounding pulse, with joy, thou went'st away.

And we, who mourn, are dead ; and thou dost live ;
Our loss, we mourn ; we may not weep, for thee :
The sacred poets, fame to others, give ;
And shall not they themselves, from death, be free ?

We strew on thee roses, roses in bloom ;
Handfuls of lilies, we give to thy shrine ;
Not cypress, or yew, or funeral gloom :
For thou livest yet, with the poets divine.

ARTHUR GALTON.



OME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND PUBLIC WORKS OF JAMES GIBBS, ARCHITECT.

II. *O fortunati, quorum jam moenia surgunt!*—
VIRG.

From the time our master returned to this country from Italy, until the distress of his last disorder prevented him in his art, the history of his life contains little more than the record of the buildings he was engaged upon, and the books which he published. And so, until we are come to a general estimate of his genius, there remains for us only to collect such few particulars, as are necessary for the full understanding of the more significant of these works, and to pause for those criticisms only, which are severally peculiar to them.

It is scarcely probable that the failure of Lord Mar's attempt, in 1715, to recover the cause of the Pretender, and the consequent attainder of the earl in the following year, involved at all the fortunes of Gibbs; yet I can find him doing no important work until 1719, when he added the steeple and the two upper stages to the tower of St. Clement's Danes, in the Strand. In the large view engraved by Kip of this church, as originally completed from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren, an empanelled parapet, connecting pinnacles at the angles, rested upon the cornice which we now see immediately below the clock-stage; the whole being crowned by a low, octagonal campanile. Since Wren had, with reason, divided his tower, being of no great height, into many stages, Gibbs was forced to observe the same proportions in those which he added; and thus we now have a lofty tower divided into some six stages, which, had the whole been designed at one time, would, properly, have been broken up into fewer and loftier stories. The unity of the original work has been lost; and in its place, the confusion of two distinct conceptions, the low, dome-like church of Wren with the steepled additions of Gibbs, destroys the perfect enjoyment of the art of either master. All Gibbs could here do, he has done; which was to combine skilfully what could never be truly harmonious. But to turn to a lesser defect, and one which lay within his control. When seen immediately from below, the angles of the cornice in the second

stage of the steeple have an excessive sharpness, which is unpleasant; and are of a form not the best designed for stone. From the river, or some other distant point of view where only the upper part of the steeple is visible, these defects are no longer apparent; and we find that Gibbs has carried out with great delicacy, what he proposed to himself as the most necessary principles to be observed in buildings of this kind. "Steeple are indeed of a Gothick Extraction; but they have their Beauties, when their Parts are well dispos'd, and when the Plans of the several Degrees and Orders of which they are compos'd gradually diminish, and pass from one Form to another without confusion, and where every Part has the appearance of a proper Bearing." "Indeed of a Gothick Extraction," he says, in a tone a little depreciatory, though not without reason; for whatever came of a northern stock could never truly recommend itself to his genius. In this, as in the other steeples he designed, there is nothing of that upward, soaring movement, which essentially distinguishes a Gothic spire, and which is so peculiarly expressive of the religious temper of the Middle Ages, so unlike the spirit which prompted the Roman architects. To have commingled these diverse tempers, to have made these pagan, long-meditated modes of architectural expression allusive to the impulsive, emotional piety of the Middle Ages, that was the singular achievement of the architect who conceived the spires of St. Martin's at Ludgate, Bow Church, and the churches of St. Magnus and St. Vedast. But Gibbs, even if his genius had apprehended this conjunction, might have counted it, so mindful he was of the inexorable voice of tradition, a little over-passionate for stone, when set against the canon of the Latin builders.

His next work comes to us as a kind of discovery; for the church of St. Peter's, Vere Street, is so entirely associated with the name of Frederick Denison Maurice, that it seems strange to have to seek here the "Marybone Chapell" of Gibbs, begun in August, 1721, by Harley, Earl of Oxford, for the accommodation of the inhabitants of his Manor, in which it is situated. Yet so it is, and the building continues to this day almost as first designed. This characteristic example of his art was probably planned at the same time he was making the drawings for the church of St. Martin in

the Fields. The disposition of the east end is the same in both buildings; indeed this chapel of St. Peter is, in its arrangement, only a simplified version of the design for the larger church. But to hasten to the consideration of St. Martin's itself, where may be best summed up all I would say of these earlier buildings of our master.

He designed, about this time, the monument erected, in the south transept of Westminster Abbey, to Matthew Prior, who died the 18th of September, 1721. I read in the Soane manuscript, that "Mr. Prior the Poet ordered by his Will 500^{lib} to be laid out upon a Monument for himself in Westminster Abby, which he used to call his last piece of Vanity, and desired Mr. Gibbs to make a drawing of one to shew him, but he dyed soone after and never saw it, yet the Earl of Oxford ordered the monument to be made and put up amongst y^e poets in Westminster Abby." The bust, Gibbs tells us, "was done at *Paris* by M. *Coizivaux*, sculptor to the King of *France*"; the rest by Rysbrack. What memorials of Gibbs' friendship with Prior may still exist, I have had little opportunity to discover; such as I have been able to find are slight, and relate to the very close of the poet's life. In the "Book of Architecture," there is "A Draught made for *Matthew Prior*, Esq; to have been built at *Down Hall* in *Essex*," but his death prevented its erection. Again, among the witnesses of his will, dated the 9th of August, 1721, the first of the three names is that of James Gibbs.

In the following year was commenced the most famous of his buildings, St. Martin's in the Fields. The old church "being much decayed and in danger of falling, the Parishioners obtain'd an Act of Parliament for Rebuilding it at their own charges." Gibbs prepared "several Plans of different Forms," and, among them, "two Designs made for a Round church, which were approved by the Commissioners, but were laid aside on account of the expensiveness of executing them; tho' they were more capacious and convenient than what they pitch'd upon." The first stone was laid on the 19th of March, 1722; and the church finished and consecrated in 1726. Here first do we see, fully developed, "that particularity," to speak in his own phrase, which distinguishes his work from that of the other masters of the age. Like so many of his buildings, it is a work of fine discernment

rather than of genuine invention. But to say, as some critics have said of the portico, that it is merely imitative, is to fail of a just appreciation. It is more than this ; it is the work of a curious judgment and a precise ability, selecting all that is most noble and refined in the antique Roman Porticos, and adapting it, without loss, to his own uses. To Wren, the modes of classical architecture were as some esoteric language, some choice means of expression, by which he might give utterance to his own thoughts and emotions ; and it is the genius of his work, that he has so infused his own spirit into the Vitruvian orders, that they almost participate in a northern temper. To Gibbs, these same modes were in themselves sufficient, and the desirable end. He desired only to approach the ancient excellence of the masters, who were before him ; to observe their ideals, without adding any " admixtures " of his own to show his invention. This was the whole proposition of his art. He denied himself much, but he attained to one quality, which no English architect has since been able to realise, the largeness and breadth of ancient work ; a quality, in some aspects, akin to that power of Michelangelo, expressing the stature of the giants in the little space of a hand. As a whole, one feature, at least, of the church is not well considered ; for a steeple, rising up from the midst of a roof, always bears with it a sense of insufficient support. Again, the mouldings have not, invariably, that last refinement, nor the projections that perfect relation to one another, which we find in the best work : for example, the projections of the sills of the lower windows on the north and south sides, are wanting in harmonious relation to those of the interchanged pilasters. We must not seek here for the felicity of consummate art ; that, rarest of gifts, is granted to few. Yet this one quality of great value his work eminently possesses : a quality, in these days, entirely lost to our art, but which, if we love and study him, he brings to us, yet alive, out of the chill recess of Time, the antique excellence of breadth and largeness.

On entering the building one immediately recalls what Gibbs said of another church of his, that it was " the more beautiful for having no Galleries, which, as well as Pews, clog up and spoil the Inside of Churches, and take away

from that right Proportion which they otherwise would have": and the abrupt way in which the gallery rests against the nave columns would almost suggest the idea, were it not for the arrangement of the aisle windows, that Gibbs had first designed this interior without galleries. But the real interest of the interior centres itself in the arrangement of the east end, with its balconies, and its Roman air. Here, at least, we may surely discern the source of his art; seeing how it is, beyond any other of his works, redolent of the city of Carlo Fontana.

That same year, Gibbs was chosen to direct the building of an Academic Theatre and Library at Cambridge. According to the plan and elevation in his "Book of Architecture," this building was originally intended to form three sides of a quadrangle, facing the church of St. Mary the Great. Of this, the north side, consisting of the present Senate House, was alone completed; while a building similar in elevation, on the south side, was to have contained "the Consistory and Register office." On the west side, connecting these two blocks of buildings, was the Royal Library, placed immediately in front of the School's quadrangle. The foundation-stone of the Senate House was laid the 22nd of June, 1722; and certain houses were acquired to enable the erection of the rest of the proposed building. According to the Soane manuscript, "the foundation of the Library and other buildings were Carried up ground high, but the University had not money to finish them." The Senate House, however, was opened with the ceremonies of a Public Commencement, on the 6th of July, 1730; the exterior of the west end being still left unfinished, in the expectation that the scheme of the library and other buildings would finally be carried out. But on the completion of Stephen Wright's façade of the library in its stead, the unfinished end was at length, in 1767, made to agree with the other elevations.

Gibbs' next building was the church of Allhallows in Derby, begun in 1723 and finished in 1725. The fifteenth-century tower, being firm, was allowed to stand, and the new church made plain, in order to render it more suitable to the old work. In the same year, 1723, was put up that very sumptuous monument to John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, in the north transept of Westminster Abbey. It was exe-

cuted by Francis Bird ; and is, of all the many monuments designed by Gibbs, the most interesting to us. Its very size thus renders it ; in that considerations of a purely architectural character predominate, of necessity, over the unmeaning allegories and ornament, of which his other designs of this kind were for the most part composed.

Touching this matter of tombs, I may add that he designed the monument erected, in 1723, by James, Marquis of Annandale to his mother and younger brother ; as, also, those to John Smith, 1718, and Mrs. Katherina Bovey, 1727, both of which were executed by Rysbrack. These three monuments are all in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey ; and you will find them engraved in his "Book of Architecture," together with that tablet of his to Ben Jonson, in Poets' Corner. I find another in the south aisle attributed to him, that to John Freind, M.D., 1728 ; as also the monument erected by the Duke of Buckingham to Dryden in 1720. Of this nothing remains but the pedestal, the original bust having been replaced by the present one by Scheemakers, and the rest of the monument removed by Dean Buckland. But I doubt whether my authority, the Soane manuscript, is here correct, since it is not given in his book of designs. But be this as it may, the cenotaph to Robert Stuart, in the north aisle of St. Margaret's, Westminster, is certainly by his hand.

King's College was another of Gibbs' designs commenced about this time at Cambridge, only to be partially carried out. Nicholas Hawkesmore had previously prepared drawings which were approved by Sir Christopher Wren ; but Gibbs, for reasons now undiscoverable, was presently chosen Surveyor of that work, to the exclusion of Hawkesmore. The only completed portion of Gibbs' design is the building forming the western side of the present quadrangle, running at right angles to the chapel, at the south-west corner of it ; but his own description, of what he originally intended, is as concise as may be : "This College, as design'd, will consist of Four Sides, (*viz.*) the Chapell, a beautiful Building of the Gothick Taste, but the finest I ever saw ; opposite to which is propos'd the Hall, with a Portico. On one side of the Hall is to be the Provost's lodge, with proper Apartments : on the other side are the Buttry, Kitchin and Cellars, with

Rooms over them for Servitors. In the West Side, fronting the River, now built, are 24 Apartments, each consisting of three Rooms and a vaulted Cellar. The East Side is to contain the like number of Apartments." This West Side was commenced in 1724, but owing to the want of funds, it was not until April, 1731, that the wainscoting, etc., was ordered. From this same cause, the poverty of the College, the complete execution of Gibbs' scheme was finally abandoned; the screen and buildings of Wilkins now standing where Gibbs had proposed to erect the south and east sides of his quadrangle.

In 1728, was published "A Book of Architecture, containing Designs of Buildings and Ornaments. By James Gibbs," and dedicated to the Duke of Argyll. A second edition appeared in 1739. In it are to be found full drawings of those buildings already noticed; together with the alternative designs for St. Mary le Strand, St. Martin in the Fields, and the steeple of St. Clement's Danes. After these follow many designs for houses, but in most cases we are not told where, or for whom, they were carried out. The rest of the book is taken up with designs for "Pavillions," gates, chimney-pieces, monuments, vases, dials, etc.

His next public work brings us again to London. The Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, says Maitland, "judging it convenient to enlarge the same, caus'd the ancient Cloister thereof (then beautifully enrich'd with Milliners, and other Shops, which yielded a very considerable Income) to make way for the present stately and magnificent Structure." Gibbs, who for many years was one of the governors, designed the new quadrangle, and "gave all his drawings, time, and attendance gratis to this Hospitall out of Charity to y^e poor"; the first stone being laid on the 9th of June, 1730. "It is not," he had very justly observed, "the Bulk of a Fabrick, the Richness and Quantity of the Materials, the Multiplicity of Lines, nor the Gaudiness of the Finishing, that give the Grace or Beauty and Grandeur to a Building; but the Proportion of the Parts to one another and to the Whole, whether entirely plain, or enriched with a few Ornaments properly disposed." Such considerations, assuredly, are the first part of fine architecture; yet all art of pre-eminent worth contains, also, in itself, what may per-

haps be called the converse of this discipline, an element of surprise. "There is no Excellent *Beauty*," says Bacon, "that hath not some Strangeness in the Proportion." This element of strangeness, of what is removed from the commonplace, and therefore of surprise to the first beholders, is the quality we chiefly demand in the productions of contemporary art; and it is reasonable to suppose, that the Augustan age saw in the poems of Catullus a parallel to the unusual beauty, which delights us in the work of Rossetti. To *live*, art must also have those other qualities, such as proportion, disposition, fitness, and all that goes to compose the classic order. When this "comely order" and this unusual beauty are held together in a nice balance, then we have supreme art. The age of Elizabeth, as happens in ages and men of great strength, inclined too much to this "Strangeness in the Proportion," fastening not only on what was fantastic, but often on what was monstrous. On the contrary, the age in which Gibbs lived and worked was too little desirous of this element of surprise. "What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd": that was Pope's ideal in poetry. Art, in the best minds of that age, was almost confined to modes of expression, to the regard for the classic order, which, as the greatest of our living critics has observed, "impresses some minds to the exclusion of everything else in them." If these modes could be brought to some nearer degree of perfection, it was of little moment that the subject was not uncommon. And so with Gibbs, this "comely order" impressed his mind to the exclusion of all else in it; so that in these later works, his art was nearly reduced to the single consideration of "the Proportion of the Parts to one another and to the whole." In this quadrangle of St. Bartholomew's, in his designs for private houses, and in the buildings I have just described, this limitation is acutely apparent. For dignity, for simplicity, for the complete observance of this "comely order," these works are quite admirable; and yet they are unattractive, they fail to charm us, because there is in them too little of that "Strangeness in the Proportion," without which there is no excellent beauty.

In 1732, Gibbs published his "Rules for Drawing the several Parts of Architecture in a more exact and easy

manner than has been heretofore practised, by which all Fractions, in dividing the principal Members and their Parts, are avoided." It is dedicated to Edward, 2nd Earl of Oxford; and a second edition appeared in 1738.

On the 16th of June, 1737, was laid the foundation-stone of the greatest and most original work of our master, the Radcliffe Library at Oxford. Though Dr. Radcliffe had died in 1714, the building of this library, for which he left £40,000, could not be proceeded with until after the death of his sisters, on account of their being possessed of certain life-interests in the moneys left for its foundation. Meanwhile, Nicholas Hawkesmore had made more than one design for the building, in which he had severally joined it to the Schools, and to his own quadrangle of All Souls. In one drawing he had raised it upon a vaulted and open undercroft, which he designated "The Forum." His death, it would seem, in 1736, prevented him directing the work, which is not to be deplored, seeing how inferior these designs are to that finally carried out. Gibbs, also, had prepared alternative drawings. Two of these designs were rectangular in plan, and recall the quadrangle of St. Bartholomew, by reason of the sparing use of ornament in them; certainly, they were not more excellent. It is not in the treatment or the detail, but in its conception as a whole, and in its relation to its surrounding buildings, that Gibbs surpasses all his previous efforts. To relate the design to the natural conditions of the site, or whatever buildings may already adjoin it, is the care of the master; and the observance could not be better regarded than it is in the design of the Radcliffe Library. In extending the curve of the domical roof, by means of the buttresses of the cupola, to the outer wall of the rotunda, Gibbs evinces a touch of supreme art. By this device, a comparatively small dome, when caught encircled by the spires and towers of Oxford, in a distant view of the city, conveys an impression of greater mass than it actually possesses. But when seen immediately from below, these buttresses lose their significance, being almost screened by the balustrade of the outer wall of the rotunda; and what at a distance appeared united, is now resolved into the distinct elements of the cupola and rotunda. Thus the library harmonises with the low Gothic buildings which surround it,

where a greater dome would have dwarfed the whole effect of the square. Admirable as the earlier work in Oxford is, the want of some grand, central mass, in the distant view of the towers and spires of the city, had impressed itself on his mind, his genius divining that this could only be obtained by a building of a domical form. In such a building he conceived and carried out an effective, central point of interest, about which he has gathered up, into a kind of harmonious whole, all the delightful confusion of mediæval Oxford. The library was completed in 1747, and in the same year was published: "Bibliotheca Radcliviana: or a short description of the Radcliffe Library, at Oxford. By James Gibbs, Architect, Fellow of the Royal Society, etc."

Towards the end of his life, Gibbs was "afflicted with the gravel and stone, and went to Spa in 1749." It was probably to wile away the tedium of this malady, that he made the translation of the "De rebus Emmanuelis," of Osorio da Fonseca, published in 1752, and entitled:—"The History of the Portuguese, During the Reign of Emmanuel. Written originally in Latin by Jerome Osorio, Bishop of Sylves. Now first translated into English By James Gibbs." The book is dedicated to Sir George, afterwards Lord, Lyttleton; while the translation itself is very characteristic of him, being written in simple, vigorous English.

His last architectural work was, in all probability, the church of St. Nicholas, Aberdeen. Some years before his death, he sent to the Magistrates of Aberdeen, as a testimony of his regard for the place of his nativity, a plan for the new fabric of St. Nicholas, which was begun in May, 1752. This church was still unfinished when he died, "full of days and of honour." He was buried, according to the wish expressed in his will, within the old church, now the parish chapel, of Marylebone; situated in the High Street, immediately at the back of the new church; where on the north wall, below the gallery, is yet to be seen a plain, marble tablet, bearing this inscription: "Underneath lye the Remains of JAMES GIBBS Esq^r. whose Skill in Architecture appears by his Printed Works as well as the Buildings directed by him. Among other Legacys and Charitys He left One Hundred Pounds towards Enlarging this Church. He died Aug^t. 5th. 1754. Aged 71." (*To be concluded.*) HERBERT P. HORNE.

NOTES ON SOME RECENT BOOKS.

Mr. William Allingham has republished his poems, now for several years out of print, under the title of "Flower Pieces and other Poems." The volume, which is issued by Messrs. Reeves and Turner, is divided into five parts, distinguished by the character of the poems, which they contain, and following one another in this order; "Flowers and Months"; "Flowers and Poets"; "Day and Night Songs," poems, that is, connected with the seasons; Ballads; and Translations. The most important of these pieces are already so well-known to students of our contemporary literature, that criticism is hardly needful. We cannot help saying, however, how exceedingly glad we are, that Mr. Allingham has republished, as a frontispiece, Dante Gabriel Rossetti's wood-cut illustration to his Ballad, "The Maids of Elfinmere": and that the book is further enriched by another very characteristic design, by the same great artist, to a translation of a short poem of Heine's, "The Queen's Page." The circumstances connected with the production of this latter drawing, now for the first time published, are mentioned by Mr. Allingham in an interesting note at the end of the volume.

From Messrs. Reeves and Turner, also, comes to us Mr. William Morris's new book, "The House of the Wolfings." It is a story of the North-men in their struggle with the Romans, told in prose and verse. Mr. Morris's individuality is so strong, and his literary and artistic sense so fine, that it goes almost without saying, that this new volume of his is full of interest, and power, and beauty. Yet it is because of the author's strong individuality, and his determined and emphasized devotion to a particular phase of art, that the form of his writing makes one hesitate, and think, and question, and sometimes, it must be confessed, a little rebel. For instance, the actual story of this "House of the Wolfings" is written in prose: but it is in prose fashioned on a by-gone model, the model of the fifteenth century. If a man should write once in this way, and write successfully, there would be little call for comment, there would be, certainly, no call for complaint. By reason of its curiosity the work would be interesting, and of a peculiar charm. But Mr. Morris is too earnest a man to write prose after a by-gone model simply as an affectation, or as a literary exercise, or for any other reason in the world, than that he believes it to be the best model. Now it is with this deep-seated conviction of his, that we venture to quarrel. He seems to us to treat language too arbitrarily; not to accept, as we ought to accept, the natural and inevitable course, which our English language has run, and is running. By all means let us keep our prose simple and strong: let us avoid the vulgarities and foreign affectations, which so easily creep in and spoil it. But this may be accomplished

without going back to the use of words, and turns of expression, which are no longer natural; and the constant use of which disturbs, distracts, and even, not unreasonably, offends us.

Mr. Stewart Headlam has lately brought out a book entitled, "The Theory of Theatrical Dancing, with a Chapter on Pantomime." The book is really an abridgment, and revised translation, of "The Code of Terpsichore"; a volume published some sixty years ago by that famous master of Dancing, Carlo Blasis. In the present edition Mr. Headlam gives us a number of capital facsimiles of the original plates, and adds a very short, but suggestive, preface of his own. The significance of this publication is great. It is a serious effort to treat Dancing for what it is; as much, that is to say, one of the Fine Arts, as is Acting, or Music, or Sculpture, or Painting, or Literature. Mr. Headlam has long been preaching this truth to our rebellious and gainsaying generation. It is hard to drive it into our heads: we are either too moral, or too frivolous, or too stupid. Yet no one reading this interesting book can fail to be struck by the manner, in which a master of Dancing, Carlo Blasis, regarded his work: and in this estimation of it he was entirely right, both according to the tradition of the finest times of Art, and any thoughtful reasoning on the matter. We congratulate Mr. Headlam on his book; on the sound purpose of it, and on the simple and excellent form of its publication. Under this latter head we cannot resist calling attention to the setting-out of the title-page; which avoids, as so few books nowadays do avoid, that vice of the ordinary printer, which leads him to find in a title page an irresistible opportunity of advertising a specimen of every type, that he can boast of: a senseless proceeding, which completely ruins any dignified and artistic effect.

More than a year ago, we drew attention, in this paper, to a very remarkable volume of poems by Mr. Joseph Skipsey, entitled, "Carols from the Coal-Fields." This volume, having been judiciously revised by the author, has lately reached a second edition under the name of "Carols, Songs, and Ballads." In the present day it does not often fall to good fortune of the critic to be allowed to notice a book comparatively little known, which possesses that most precious of all literary qualities, distinction. Yet, in Mr. Skipsey's book, distinction assuredly there is; and it is to be hoped his work will early meet with that recognition, which is the due of every true poet.

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IN drawing attention to our own work, we have added, with their permission, the names of those workers in art whose aim seems to us most nearly to accord with the chief aim of this magazine. Our list at present is necessarily limited, but with time and care we hope to remedy this defect.

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